# ENORMOUS WEALTH

In Our American Switzerland, With Mountains of Iron and Coal.

NEW VERSUS OLD WEST VIRGINIA

A County Seat Fight That Reads Like the Middle Ages.

PRIMITIVE DAYS PAST

Written for The Evening Star. The year that is closing has registered certain railroad and mining deals in West Virginia that indicate the commencement of a commercial and industrial revolution in this hitherto undeveloped state. Until quite recently the greater part of this section of the country was as devoid of easy. communication with the outside world as one of the most backward of the South American republics. Its forests of valuable timber, its mineral resources, its grazing lands were left in the hands of a straggling population without capital or the ambition for conducting large enterprises. Now, however, this primitive condition of things seems to have run its course, and a new West Virginia, vigorous, enterprising, is taking the place of the old ploneer state, with its simple traditions and customs. Today more capital is being invested here for the development of natural resources than in any other state in the Union.

old stand on the road again and things will go on as before. The ubiquity of the town is quite confusing, and one can imagine with what breathless interest the inhab-

with what breathless interest the inhabitants of Jordanrun, wherever they may be, must watch a presidential election.

But Hopeville has nothing to fear, no matter who may be President. Hopeville consists of one family. This family bears the suggestive name of Ours. The tribe of Ours has a house and a store. One member of the tribe is a republican, the other a democrat. So that when it comes to making a post office appointment here, Hopeville does not have to get up and walk off the map, as happens with Jordanrun, but quietly stays where it has been, a model of municipal stability. Of course, the tribe of Ours might tire of this valuable monopoly and take it into its head to emigrate some day, in which case an act of Congress would probably be needed to determine what had become of Hopeville.

Beverly Did Not Approve. Twelve years ago Elkins, which may be the new railroad center, was a swamp, and Beverly was the county seat of Randolph county and its principal city. In fact, Beverly is among the oldest settlements in West Virginia, dating twenty years back of the revolution. Its pride is in its antiquity. Its people, living here from father to son, view the bustle and push of the "modern spirit" that is now overrunning West Virginia with dignified scorn, Tilling the fields hunting, tending their sheep are the pastoral occupations that engross them. Before Elkins was built overtures were made to Beverly to lay the foundations proposition met with no encouragement. The aristocratic Beverlyites were prosper-ous and contented in their Arcadian fashion. They clung to the habits and customs of a century ago because they preferred them. Modern innovations were distasteful, lowering, plebelan. So the proposition of the moneyed men was rejected, and the town of Elkins was conjured out of the wilderness. From the very start it has been the struggle of the old, proud, traditional Virginian and the new, money-making westerner between the two towns, and Beverly has suffered sadly in the contest. The history of this municipal rivalry is typical of what It is safe to say that no section of our is taking place throughout the old south to-



THE VILLAGE OF HOPEVILLE.

'Wh-what's the matter?" yelled the

young man, "Nothin'!" laughed the guide. "Ye got • mk of coal, that's all. I guess we better cook supper 'ithout the roastin' stone." The New York sportsman became a wiser man, so far as a knowledge of West Vir-ginia roasting stones was concerned, and when later on in his rambles he came upon a huge mountain of iron ore and took notice of the valuable timber all about, he began to study the situation.

Now, the curious thing is that the West Virginia mountaineer has known for longer than the memory of the oldest in-habitant that all he had to do when he wanted a fire was to take a pickax and break off a bit of the rocky ledge or hillside which lay back of his cabin. Every day he saw the wealth of timber and iron all about him, but his simple nature had uired no further-a kind nature supplied his few wants, why should he care about acquiring the troubles which afflicted

The section through which the new railroads will pass, lying in the New Creek and North Fork valleys, between Keyser and Elkins, shows the contrast between the primitive that has been and the progressive that will be better perhaps than any other. The distance between the two towns is over a hundred miles. At present there are no railroads anywhere in reach. A meager population of about 500 straggles along the one thoroughfare that is honored by the name of road, but which in many places bears more resemblance to the bed of a mountain stream than anything else. the home of the sand digger and the moonshiner-a little primitive world in itself, distant in population, custom and occupation from the hurrying world outside, embosomed in a glorious phalanx of mountains whose majestic contour gives this region the romantic individuality and aloofness of an undiscovered Switzerland.

## Hopeville Citizens.

Hopeville is at the heart of this rugged, undeveloped section. Why the place was called Hopeville is not very obvious. A kind of deprecatory modesty, perhaps, that is not always prominent in these mountain 'towns"-in appeal to the future for what is lacking in the present. There is certainly an elusive quality about these places to which it takes an unsophisticated traveler some little hard-earned experience to accustom himself. For instance, between the



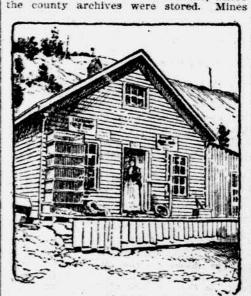
The Oldest and the Youngest of Ours Family.

towns of Maysville and Hopeville there is town called Jordanrun. Its location is clearly defined on the map, and with com-pass and pedometer there would seem to be no reasonable possibility for the place to evade an intelligent search. After walking for miles through an unbroken wilderness of mountain and forest one looks forward with keen delight to a town along the road. in this particular case pleasurable expect-ancy is futile. There is no Jordanrun along the road, for all its imposing presence on the map. Careful inquiry afterward elicit-ed the fact that under the McKinley administration a new postmaster was appointed to the town of Jordanrun. This new postmaster lives somewhere two miles off the road, and when he was appointed this accommodating town moved over to him, thus completely changing its geographical

country is less known or less cultivated day. In a very few years the population than parts of these mountain regions. Now and then a prospector has wandered through the wilderness, but this forerunner town was absorbed by the newcomer, and of railroads and commercial progress rarely got away from the river courses or the fairly level country easily adapted to cultivation. One day an enthusiastic New dolph and the dominant town of this sec-York sportsman pitched his camp among the back hills. His guide chuckled quietly of its upstart rival with silent dignity, but when the young man picked up a smooth rock and placed it on the fire to heat for to rob it of this last chief municipal treasa reasting stone. In a few minutes a blue | ure the ire of the old Bourbons was aroused flame shot up through the rock and soon to action. A vote of the county was passit was all ablaze. ed as the custodian of the county records by a comfortable majority. So the enter-prising Elkinites declared forthwith they would go to Beverly and take what belonged to them without waiting for any tedious "law's delays." To this the scornful Beverlyites answered nothing, but all the old muskets, sabers, pikes of half a dozen gen-erations were furbished up and the little town, with as much earnestness and ab-sence of noise and excitement as is shown when the same people go out to kill a bear

### on their native mountains, prepared to do Elkinites Never Came.

The story of the trouble sounds like some stray chapter from the middle ages. By turns one is reminded of opera bouffe and of some tragic feud of classic dimensions. Every male citizen of Beverly was sworn in as a deputy sheriff, put under arms and stationed in front of the court house, where



Rich Mountain Post Office. were dug under the railroad track with the intention of blowing up the train bearing the predatory Elkinites. As for the latter, they too were preparing, in their own way, for what they supposed might be a slight unpleasantness. There was every indica-tion of the most serious kind of trouble. All night the entire male population of Beverly, musket in hand, stood in front of their beloved court house. Hunters, woodsmen most of them, accustomed to conflict and with ten years of accumulated insolence from their municipal rival to goad them on, these Beverlyites meant business. Had the men from Elkins come when they were expected there would undoubtedly have been a pitched battle in the streets of the little town, with results as disastrous and bloody as any that characterized such battles. as any that characterized such battles of the civil war as were fought in this neigh-But, lame and impotent conclusion to the display of so much valor on both sides, the Elkinites never came. Wiser councils fortunately prevailed among them. Possibly the well-known prowess in arms of the men of Beverly had a salutary effect upon the minds of these younger spirits. Anyway, their expedition was abandoned, the old muskets of Beverly were puraway— and the venerable archives of Randolph county were sent to Elkins, ignominiously, without escort, on a freight car, when the courts, months afterward, decided that Beverly no longer had a right to keep them. Thus ended a war that might have been, and that if it ever had started would have put this state in the van of Kentucky for bloody feuds. Old West Virginia has never come in armed contact with new West Virbut it-has met defeat nevertheless. The Elkins that grasped at the county seat is already aiming at a commercial importance, and it seems likely to have a similar

The plan for opening up the state is not a desultory one. Hitherto it has been so. Short lines have been run in various unconnected localities, and the problem of trans-portation has been lacking in system and Visions of Potels, hot digners, comfortable fires, lure one on to great exertions. But in one scheme, having for its object the throwing open of the entire state and the finding for its products the easiest outlet. As planned now, about seventy-five miles of new road will connect the western part of the state with the great lakes and a similar extension will join the eastern section with the lines running to Chesapeake

bay.

# WHY THEY BEAT US

Europeans Getting the Cream of South American Trade.

(Copyright, 1901, by William P. Wilson.)

Written for The Evening Star by Dr. William P. Wilson, Director Philadelphia Commercial Museums and Commercial Delegate of the United States to the Pan-American Congress in Mexico.

The average American who has pictured the United States in control of the world's commerce and waiting only for inteplanet communication in order to monopolize the exports to Mars, will probably suffer a shock when brought face to face with the fact that in our own continent the countries from over the seas are surpassing us in trade relations. North American enterprise falls in South American countries, and, though we have hedged that hemisphere around with political barriers which no foreign country has dared to assail, there is scarcely a European power of importance which has not established a closer commercial affinity with the South American republics than has the United States. The United States lacks in commerce with South America what European countries lack in politics. The link between South American trade and the industries of the world is to be found in direct banking facilities. If a German manufacturer sells a purchaser in Buenos Ayres a bill of goods, he does not extend credit for the bill, and yet the purchaser secures the credit. The German manufacturer in Berlin merely takes his invoice across the street to any one of half a dozen South American banks, guarantees the transaction and receives his cash. The banks finance the operation at either end, and earn a legitimate profit. Throughout the entire continent of South America there are to be found English, German, French, Italian Spanish and Portuguese banks-and not one American concern.

A Big Handicap. Our manufacturers are, therefore, handicapped from the start. They must either break their rule of receiving cash before the goods leave this country or compel the purchaser in South America to break his rule of having his goods in hand before he makes payment. The chances of errors are too great on either side, and the result is no business at all. Whatever trade does exist has been built up by those few firms that were in a position to finance their own operations, and the results are shown in the operations, and the results are shown in the figures which have been gone over so frequently in connection with the Pan-American congress at Mexico. Last year the United States made purchases from South America amounting to \$102,706,633.00; it sold only \$41,247,590.00. There are no independent lines of steamers plying regular-ly between the ports of the republics of the two continents and we must await the con-struction of the canal-Nicaraguan or isthmian-to make the favorable change.

The American, hampered by the lack of

banks, by the lack of knowledge of the language, and, above all, by the lack of previous inquiry, jumps into Buenos Ayres as he would into Des Moines and expects his good luck and his good nature to carry him through in a round of joyous pleasure. He becomes stranded, after a little while; drifts to the consulate; receives some help, and speeds home again with no word in his mouth too vigorous for denunciation of South America, its works and its ways. cided-in Indiana-that Uruguay was suffering for the lack of Corliss engines. He shoved some photographs in his pocket and sped by rail and steamer to Montevideo. When he reached the city he walked into the leading store and remarked:

Foolish Proposition. "Now, gentlemen, what part of this

country needs Corliss engines?" At the outset they were only half certain that he was crazy. Before the day was over they were sure. So, one after another, they took him out into the main street and told him to go and explore Uru-guay, and to discover that the entire country did nothing but raise cattle and rev-

A Michigan builder of ranges and furnaces, stirred by the impulse to capture South American trade, sent his son to Bahai, in Brazil, with a couple of hot air furnaces and several huge kitchen ranges. When the young man landed, the Brazilians inquired solicitously into the nature of the dark and awful mysteries he put

"Hot air furnaces," said he. "Another Yankee lunatic," reflected the Brazilians. Then with gentle irony, "They are not wanted here; you had better go to Pernambuco. It is nearer." The visitor did not stop to inquire what Pernambuco was nearer to; he had the furnaces and the ranges promptly transferred to a waiting steamer and was off for another voyage. The weather seemed a good He discussed it with fresh Brazilians, while the furnaces and ranges were being transferred to a lighter.
"They told me," he remarked, "up in

Bahia that Pernambuco was nearer to something or other. Say, what is it nearer The equator," was the reply.

That young man is home in Michigan. The furnaces and ranges are among the Pernambuco reefs.

The German's Method. The German salesman, within a day after he embarks on the steamer at Panama. knows every passenger on board, and has not missed a glass of beer with one of them. Within two weeks after he has landed in any South American country he speaks the language. There never was a German yet who did not escape from the German language at the first opportunity. He does not enter a business house unless he makes it a rule to invite the clerks to lunch, and to entertain the proprietor at a formal oinner. While the Englishman is at the English Club, spending his money with the While the Englishman is at the Eng-English middlemen, the German is the guest and intimate friend of the South American merchant, who has the money to buy the material both are trying to sell. The German salesmen accomplish miracles the English succeed only in drinking brandy and soda.

It has not been so long ago that a young ferman named Gisbert Dauber arrived in Caracas and began to cut a swath so wide in the society of Venezuela that even Crespo, who was then in office, decided that he was a proper guest for official receptions. Gisbert Dauber did nothing but wear good clothes and spend very good money. He never attempted to sell anything; he never asked any one for a favor; he merely spent his money lavishly, and was agree-able to the official society of Caracas. He devoted himself to the ladies to whom Crespo and the chief justice of the supreme court were known to be especially atten-

Some years earlier it happened that a Belgian firm had sold Crespo \$50,000 worth. of rifles and ammunition on a government contract. He needed them in Venezuela at the time, very urgently. The cabinets changing every two months or so, it was decided by a later ministry that the rifles and ammunition had not been purchased according to the constitution, and the debt was repudiated. The manufacturers sued and the case was up for decision in the suand the case was up for decision in the su-preme court. After Gisbert Dauber had been in Caracas for two months the su-preme court gave a quiet decision in favor of the manufacturers, and the young Ger-man, his taste for South America, as well as for lavish expenditure, suddenly extin-guished, vanished from the capital with the

money in his trunk. The Englishman's Way.

When the Englishman goes to South America to sell any class of goods his dominant thought is that the natives are all savages, unworthy of his attention. He goes straight to the English bank and draws on his letter of credit. He goes next to the English club and makes the acquaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete that the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the men of the English complete the young missus made herguaintance of the yo accommodating town moved over to him, thus completely changing its geographical position. There Jordanrun will stay in the woods somewhere until a democratic President is elected. Then it will take up its

mission houses. He tells every one of the commission memor the goods he has to sell—and he never goes near the natives. He never visits their clubs, he never has anything at all to do with them. That is the commission maw's business. Those of his goods that self, sell themselves, usually because they are cheaper than any other importation. It is the English fashion to make the goods and ram them down the customers' throats. Sometimes the customers' throats. Sometimes the customers' throats. Sometimes the cusanything at all to do with them. That is the commission man's business. Those of his goods that self, self themselves, usually because they are cheaper than any other importation. It is the English fashion to make the goods and ram them down the customers' throats. Sometimes the customers swallow them, and again they do

And Give It to Them in a Way

They Like.

GERMANS AS TRADERS

TRADERS

They Like Train ploughs and harrows to a little railroad. His order was worth \$60,000. Martinez, living up country, had been impressed with the reputation of English machinery, and he went to Valparaiso to place his trial purchase, guaranteed, with an English commission house and selling agency. He gave the firm a small, tentative order for some farm implements and some from to be used in construction work, and he specified certain changes which he believed essential to make the material believed essential to make the material suit his purposes. The commission house, knowing fully the importance of the tentative order, transmitted it to an English manufacturing firm and awaited results. Out came an agent with a consignment of the old goods, and a stern determination to make the old goods, and a stern determination to make the ignorant Chilean take them, whether he liked them or not. Goods and salesmen went to Martinez's ranch, and found there a suave and courteous South American, who listened for an impatient five minutes while the visitor told him the plans he had laid were nonsensical. When Martinez realized the full measure of the affront that had been put upon his judgment he rose from his chair and remarked to his visitor:

"Senor, I am a civil engineer and a practical planter. You are a salesman who comes from England to teach me my business. I know it very well. The door After that the Germans, the Belgians and some Americans descended on Senor Martinez's ranch like a flock of pigeons; the \$60,000 he had to spend went to other parts of the industrial world.

The Successful Trader.

The South American, for his part, is first gentleman and next a trader. The most successful foreign trader in any South American country is the man who combines most agreeably the shrewdness of the tradesman and the tact of the gentleman. When an American goes to South America to do business, he starts first, and thinks about it afterward. When an Englishman goes there, he does not think about it at all. When a German goes he thinks about it a long time be-forehand, and all the time he is on the way, and all the time he is in the coun-

try.
England and Germany, however, have
the advantage of banking facilities. The United States, because of its lack of these facilities, is practically in the same commercial relation to South America as that which England bears politically toward Bolivia. The story of England and Bo-livia dates back to Lord Palmerston's time, when Belzu decided that Bolivia needed a dictator—and that he was the dictator Bolivia needed. Great Britain sent Mr. Lloyd, a new minister, to the republic. When the British minister arrived he received a politely worded inrived he received a politely worded invitation to attend a reception at the president's house, which was signed by the lady who was popularly known as Madame Belzu. As it happened, the minister was aware that Madame Belzu was not married to the president of the republic and he took pages to let the fact public, and he took pains to let the fact be known that he would attend no recep-tions at the presidential mansion so long as he must be received by a woman of that description. The president of Bolivia rose up in all the awful wrath of his dic-tatorship and sent the British minister his passports. Having received his passports, the president of Bolivia rated him as nothing more than a British subject, and he concluded to overlook the small provision of treaties that even a British sub-ject who has been a minister must be given safe conduct beyond the borders of the country to which he has been accredited.

The passports had scarcely arrived when a file of soldiers and a mule followed. The minister of Great Britain was haled from his official residence, put astride the mule, face backward, and so ingloriously ridden beyond the borders of the republic for whose official receptions he had shown so much distaste.

Outcome of the Incident.

When the minister reached London and told of the outrage Lord Palmerston called for a meeting of the cabinet and for a man of South America. He dipped a pen into his inkwell and marked "X," as an unknown quantity, across the territory of the republic of Bolivia.

said Lord Palmerston, "henceforth Bolivia does not exist for Great And he dispatched a fleet of the British

South America that neither the guns nor the marines of the British navy could reach President Belzu. The fleet sailed away again with the honors of war. In due time Belzu heard of Lord Palmer ston's performance with the map of South America. He, on his part, summoned a meeting of his cabinet, and called for

map of Europe.
"Gentlemen," he began, and he emptied his ink bottle over Great Britain, forth there is for Bolivia no Great Brit-

Since that time Bolivia has received some small share of English capital, for Belzu vanished in one of the country's basty revolutions four years afterward, and sub sequent rulers were willing enough to cul-tivate the friendship of the great traders of the old world. But to this day there is no British minister in the small republic.

### Candles. From the London Globe.

So markedly is the candle going out of use that the dictionary of a few years hence will probably have to supplement its definition with an illustration. In the glow of electric light, gas and paraffine, we are much disposed to pity our immediate forefathers who had to put up with candles: Yet we retain a strange respect for the candle in certain directions. When we wish to pay the highest reverence we fall back upon it. The death chamber is lighted with candles. So is the church altar. We cannot but be forced also to the brought ont, and better matter written, by candlelight than have been, or probably ever will be, by that of gas or electricity. Shakespeare could not possibly have writ-ten all his plays by daylight. Indeed, it is more than probable that the touch of bohemianism in his composition—as in that of his watered-down literary descendants of today-preferred night to day for turning out its best work in. Hamlet's solilo-quy upon the existing value of things Portia's tribute to mercy, and the advice of Polonius to Laerfes as to the best way of conducting himself in life were probably written between the snifflings of a candle. In particular can one imagine the decisive snuffing and the contemptuous tossing away of the scrap of burnt wick at the close of the passage hypothetically disposing of "Caesar's imperial clay."

#### Another Burns Relic. From the Scotsman. Scient

There has come to light in one of the auction rooms an interesting relic of Robert Burns. It is an ordinary businesslike tumbler, inclosed in an oak case lined with velvet and secured by a Brahmin key. The tumbler has engraved on it the following inscription: "This glass, once the property of Robert Burns, was presented by the poet's widow to James Robinson, esq., and given by his widow to her son-in-law, Major James Glencairn' Burns, 1840." The James Robinson to whom Jean Armour gave the relic was a Sunderland gentleman, who became by marriage connected with the Burns family. The box is made from one of the piles of Old London bridge, with some lighter pieces of oak, relies of the Royal George,

#### Boarding. From Pack

The motorman shrank back affrightedly, as if he had seen a ghost.

"How did you manage to board my car? he gasped. "Oh; I've boarded worse things than a New York street ear!" laughed the Jersey City landlady, with not unhorrid unction.

ALLAN POBERTSON, WORLD'S GOLFER

Tommy Morris Was Champion for Four Successive Years.

SOME GREAT AMATEURS

Written for The Evening Star by Dr. J. G. Mc-

Golf has on its pages the names of many very distinguished players, as well amateurs as professionals. In fact, it is all but impossible to give in a short article a fair sketch of all. Yet the most prominent must have a place; for these are undisputed. Only one's memory is apt to maghify the feats of the players known in his boyhood, to the danger of slightly minimizing the real worth of those who are of the present generation. The Golfer of the World.

Allan Robertson stands out, facile prin-

ceps, as the golfer of the world. He died in 1859, when just of middle age, a year after he had made a record at St. Andrew's. which, considering the difficulties of the course, has never been equaled. Most of his play was with feather balls, small and toy like; and his clubs were exceedingly light. His grandfather, Peter, and his father, Davie, were crack players; but nothing to Allan, who simply did what he liked with the ball. He was not a very long driver for Willie Dunn could easily outdistance him; but he never had a bad lie on the green, for he could 'skite' a ball out of any place with one of his wonderful tools. His approaching was deadly; though unfortunately he was the first to play with the image. nately he was the first to play with the iron up to the hole, taking a turf as he jerked the shot—unfortunately, because it is this iron approaching which is so very destructive to the green. His putting has never been equaled, except by Tommy Morris; and he could most scientifically miss a put, if that policy happened to guit him in if that policy happened to suit him in a four-some. The greatest match in the history of the game was between Allan and Willie Dunn. It consisted of twenty rounds on St. Andrew's links, when Allan came out victorious. His unrivaled score of sev-enty-nine contained only two mistakes; he. for once, gave up his pawkiness for brilliancy, and failed on account of the num-ger of bunkers and narrow course in the Heathery Hole.

Famous Tommy Merris. Next to Allan Robertson came Tommy Morris, son of the veteran golfer of eighty years, who still enjoys the round. Tommy died when only twenty-four years of age; yet he was champion of the world for four successive years. His score at Prestwich during one of the contests has not been equaled all these thirty years. When only a boy, he played against Bob Ferguson of Musselburgh, two rounds and tied at St. Andrew's, and defeated Bob (who was three years champion) in the third round on the same day with the marvelous score of 77. This was only beaten a year ago by Taylor in 75; but the links are half a dozen strokes easier now. Tommy was master of all parts of the game; but he excelled in his daring putting. He always aimed straight at the opposite side of the hole and was never short. He told his father that if the old man would only putt in that way no one could approach him. One of Tommy's closest opponents was Davie Strath, whose driving was of the finest ever seen. Davie was never a champion, though his brother Andrew was.

The Champion Belt Four Times. Tom Morris, senior, has an honored name,

which will be longer known than that of any exponent of the game. Four times he gained the champion belt; and his matches against Willie Park are memorable. Many they played on the links of St. Andrew's, Musselburgh, and North Berwick, but in the end they were about equal. No pro-fessionable has a more affable manner than the custodian of the greens at St. Andrew's, for there are now three courses on the classic links. His style was not so charming as most of his opponents; and he was a notorious misser of short putts, on account of the slightly curved run he put on the ball. He is one of nature's gen-tlemen; and he showed this the other day navy to exact reparation, but Bolivia to perfection, in his plain, honest bearing proper was so far inside the continent of toward the Duke Michael of Russia when introduced on the green. His 87 when playing on his seventy-eighth birthday marvelous; and he has even beaten that since. Allan and Tom could not be beaten in a foursome.

Some Crack Professionals. Next these comes Willie Park, senior, for

he, too, is alive, though he cannot play now. Yet he can fight his old fights over again; his frame thrills as he describes ome of his work. Tom says of Willie: "He's as guid a player as iver haunle't a club." When a boy he could beat all the boys on Musselburgh links, with a common shinty. His style was methodical to a degree, in its one-two-three motion upwards. His "follow up" after striking the ball was a distinguishing characteristic of one who One of the neatest professional players

was "The Rook," Bob Andrews of Perth. He was winner of the open tournament there in 1866; but he never had sufficient nerve for strong singles. No one could touch him at the long skimming approach with the cleek. For three years in succession Jamie An-

derson was open champion by scoring, yet never could hold his own so well in match play. He was not a long driver, but he kept the course and never missed a shot; his iron play and putting, however, often marvelous. After a considerable time Willie Park, fr., took highest honors; twice he was champion-very wisely he took to superintend-

manufacture of clubs and balls; and he is now quite independent, though he likes still to try his hand.

American "Starrers."

Four years after him came the first of the brilliant modern professionals-J. H. Taylor. Three times has he gained the blue ribbon of the game; and he has starred it in America. He is a great favorite with golfers of all classes; and his advice on the game is carefully studied.

The second of them was Harry Vardon, also three times the champion, and an than Taylor, but his putting is not so very deadly. There seems to be a strong re-cuperative power in his style. He now stretches out his swing a few inches, and that adds some yards to his stroke. It is delightful to see him play.

None, however, can come near the pres-ent champion in driving. James Braid would have long ere this taken first honors if he had been equal to the others in put-ting. But early in 1901 he took to the old wooden putter for long putts, and to this he ewes his most highly approved of victory. Still, only the other day he was beaten in holes on St. Andrew's links by Andrew Kirkcaldy, a very powerful player, who once tied for the championship; and whose brother Hugh once secured it.

Where so many amateurs are on the roll for selection, it seems invidious to particularize a few. Outstanding for neatness in the days of old was Capt. Stewart, though Mr. Robert Pabullo could outdrive him.

Roll of Great Amateurs.

The longest driver was Mr. Messieux, who drove from the Cross Hole at St. Andrew's into Hell bunker. Mr. George Glennie long held the record of that green in medal play. Mr. George Condle was the most consently powerful driver of the "fifties." was a splendidly built man, and his style irreproachable; he was also an admirable baffy player. With his club, also, Sir Rob-ert Hay could play a deadly game. Admiral Maitland Dougall was the best corer of his day, gaining the medal at St. Andrew's more frequently than any other. Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes was medal. holder of St. Andrew's, Musselburgh and Prestwick, all at one time. This was also achieved by Col. J. O. Fairlie. Mr. Robert Clark was a vory property.

no less deadly in his cleek approaches and putting, and the two in combination were, it may almost be said, more than a match for any two other amateurs, and but little behind the best professional talent."

Amateur Champion. The amateur championship by holes, introduced in 1886, brought to the front the best talent. Mr. Horace Hutchinson carried off the blue ribbon of the game on the first two occasions. He is the careful critic and distinguished author of "Golf

and Golfers," the authoritative work on certain lines of the subject, though Mr. Clark's "Golf" must still occupy first place on the game in general. Mr. Hutchinson has still to be reckoned with in a competition

Next him came Mr. John Ball, jr., who has been five times amateur champion and once open champion. His service at the front during the last competitions prevented him from entering the field.

On account of that absence Mr. Hilton came to be the great amateur. Mr. Hilton has been twice open champion, and twice amateur champion. He is master of all parts of the game, and nothing puts him in the slightest degree about. The best finishing rounds for the amateur championship at St. Andrew's were between Mr. Hilton and Mr. John L. Low. The latter was five holes down in the last round, and yet, by brilliant play, squared the match with two holes to play. But Mr. Hilton can just do it when required, and he won—though only by an inch putt. -though only by an inch putt.

A Favorite Among Amateurs. Perhaps the favorite among amateurs was the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait, who was twice amateur champion. "Freddie." as he was familiarly called, had a magnificent style. His victory over Mr. Hilton was a great and most popular achievement. The Royal and Ancient Club has honcred his memory by having his full-sized por-trait placed in the grand room of the club

Considering that Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville was a capital golfer nearly thirty years ago, he plays a brilliant game still. He was runner-up to Mr. Laidley in 1889, and six years afterward he wrested the championship from Mr. John Ball. Mr. Laidley was three times a runner-up and twice the champion. Though Mr. Mure Ferguson has not yet secured first honors. he has been twice in the final; a victory for him would be most popular. But his son, who has his identical style—and it is powerful-may yet "revive his father's ban-

Mr. Robert Maxwell, the Glennie medalist for the lowest aggregate score for the May and September medals at St. An-drew's, is now considered to be the coming man to represent Scotland against Mr. Hilton, as Braid does against Vardon.

Operas Popular in Germany. From the New York Sun.

A list of all the operas performed on German stages is given in a dramatic publication issued by Breitkopf & Hartel in Leipzig. Those given over a hundred times during the season of 1900-1901 were: "Die Fiedermaus," 400 times; "The Gelsha," 387; "Lohengrin," 294; "Der Freyschutz," 278; "Carmen," 277; "Tannhauser," 273; "Caval-leria Rusticana," 269; Audran's "La Pouleria Rusticana," 269; Audran's "La Poupee," 257; "Il Trovatore," 225; "Mignon," 214; Gounod's "Faust," 199; Lortzing's "Undine," 192; "The Magic Flute," 185; Strauss' "The Gypsy Baron," 184; "Martha," 182; Leoncavallo's "Pagliaci," 174; "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," 171; Millocker's "The Beggar Student," 167; "The Flying Dutchman," 155; Lortzing's "Czar and Carpenter," 154; Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," 158; "Fidelie," 145; Lortzing's "Waffenscmied," 145; Ziehrer's "Die Landstreicher," 144; Rossini's "Barbiere," 139; Nicolai's "Merry Wives," 137; "Die Walkure," 131; "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Die Walkure," 131; "Le Nozze di Figaro," 126; Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regi-

## The Love of Buying.

From the London Spectator. The love of buying for its own sake is instinctive with some people. Many men, and perhaps more women, never enter for the first time any new town, or even village, without wishing to take something out of it which they have bought. Probably they live in London, where everything which a man can afford he may obtain, and possibly there is nothing in the scene of their travels which they could truly be said to want; but the pleasure of exploration is enhanced for them by the pleasure of purchase. As between men and women, there is no doubt that cheapness has a greater attraction for the latter than the former. Men have perhaps more difficulty than their wives in making up their minds to go without what they wish for, consequently they are often willing to give a little more for a thing than it is worth. On the other hand, they are seldomer tempted to buy what they do not want solely because it is cheap.

#### Christmas Tree Fires. From Good Housekeeping.

People cannot be too careful in guarding gainst fire when trimming a Christmas tree. There have been scores of Christmas tree fatalities in homes and in Sunday schools which a little care might have prevented. The present writer once set a tree in a blaze, consuming nearly half of it, tinsel ornaments going with the green branches. A tiny cancile had been wired too high, and it took only a few minutes of its brisk heat to char a branch above it and start a flame. A thick pertiere was torn from its pole and thrown over the blaze. If it had not been at hand the light window curtains in another minute would have caught fire. Since that Christmas our tree has always been placed in the center of the room, and we have eschewed cotton wool, tissue paper angels and celluloid ornaments. First of all, we wire each candle securely in place at the furthest end of a branch which has nothing above it, either fir tree or trimming. Then as the tree is denuded we watch carefully the fast-disappearing candles. Sometimes one of them, nearly burned down, will topple over or be merely a spark of flame, but near to something inflammable and be a

#### Rich From Sunflowers. From the Indianapolis News.

menace.

Ten years ago John McDonald, a shrewd farmer of Clark county, Indiana, heard that sunflower seed was a crop on which money could be made. At that time even an infer ior article paid six to seven cents a pound, and he could raise from 600 to 700 pounds an acre. John said nothing and planted sunflowers. His neighbors laughed and told

him he ought to go to Kansas, but he kept on planting, and from a poor renter he became a comfortably situated man and has since retired. Then the neighbors stopped laughing and also planted sunflowers, and today the townships of Bethlehem, Owen and Washington have at least 1,000 acres under cultivation. But McDonald got the cream of the market, for now sunflower seed is worth only from two and a half to four cents a pound, according to quality. Still it pays better than wheat or corn. This commercial sunflower bears only one blossom, and that a very large one, sometimes yielding a quarter peck of seed. A New York firm handles most of the crop. Clark county—and perhaps no other—also raises spelt, a grain much like wheat, but with a husk which takes special milling to remove. It makes a finer flour than wheat, more delicate in color, more delicious in more delicate in color, more delicious in taste and more nourishing.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED

WHEN THE IRATE CITIZEN CAME TO INTERVIEW THE EDITOR.

Differed Materially From the Pictures in the Comic Weeklies-The True Version.

Written for The Evening Star.

The gigantic citizen with the tremendous shoulders and the gnarled, ham-like hands, ponderously mounted the stairs of the office of the Hayville Kazoo. Perceiving the word "Editor" on one of the doors near the landing, he turned the knob and walked in without knecking.

The editor, a tail, wiry, nervous, but determined-looking man, sat in his shirtsleeves at his desk puffing on a corncob pipe. He didn't look alarmed at the menacing aspect presented by his huge visitor, although he must have been aware that the visitor meant mischief.

The vast man clomped over to the desk of the editor of the Hayville Kazoo, stuck his fiery red countenance within an inch of that of the editor and bawled: "Are you the cockroach that gets out this

rag?" "Sir." replied the man at the desk, amiably, and without the slightest sign of trepi-

dation, "I am the editor of this newspaper. "You are, hey?" growled the gigantic man with the tremendous shoulders, pulling a copy of the Hayville Kazoe from his rear pocket and spreading it out so as to reveal the editorial page. "Did you write this slush about me?" pointing with a foreinger of about the size of an Eastern shore cucumber to the leading editorial on the

The editor carefully removed his corncob pipe from his mouth, laid it on the desk, scratched his head good-humoredly, smiled quizzically at his huge visitor and replied: "Uh-huh, I did."

"You did, hey?" roared the big man, restoring the newspaper, folded, to his rear pocket. "And you've got the gall to sit there and acknowledge it, have you?" "Uh-huh," replied the editor of the Hayville Kazoo, yawning slightly. "Yep, 1 wrote it. Why?"
"Why?" thundered the man whose choul-

ders were almost four feet across and whose stature was in accordance. "Why? Say, you-you moliusk, do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

"Well," replied the still cool editor of the Hayville Kazoo, "I may have an inkling of what you think you're going to do. "You think you have, hey?" bawled the big man, as he started to remove his long black frock coat. "Well, let me tell you something, Bill. You haven't got no inkling whatever of what I'm going to do to you. I'm just going to saw and split you and smoke-house you, and hash you up, and salt you away. That's what I'm going to do with you. I'm going to make you look like five cents' worth of lard in a brown paper hear."

brown paper bag." The editor of the Hayville Kazoo smiled again, pushed his chair back, stood up,

ment," 122; Nessler's "Trompeter von Sakkingen," 120; "Aida," 116; Zeller's "Vogelhandler," 107, and Meyerbeer's "Hucker of the penal of this structure of the penal of Now, if the penman of this strictly veracomic supplement school of journalism, and if, therefore, he were an habitual distorter of the everyday affairs of life for the sordid purpose of evoking titters from nonpenetrative readers, he would, at this point, proceed to describe how the editor of the Hayville Kazoo suddenly shot out his trusty right, caught the huge man on the point of the jaw, felled him like a emitten steer and then proceeded to walk the Spanish fandango over the gigantic man's frame; or he would tell how the editor of the Hayville Kazoo executed a quick movement of his right foot, touching therewith a button that started a lot of trap mechanism to working, thereby dumping the vast man through a hole in the floor into the basement, where the one printer of the establishment proceeded to turn a powerful four-inch hose on him; or, again, he would tell how the editor of the Hayville Kazoo made a swift dive with his right hand into an open drawer of his desk, yanked out a big horse pistol, leveled it on a line with the forehead of the huge, trouble-hunting man and sardonically ordered him to throw up his hands, then marching the big man in front of him down the states and through the main street of Hayville, to the rap-

turous delight of the populace.

But this penman is not a product of the comic supplement school of journalism, and ife would not be worth the living to him facts just exactly as they happen. There

The editor of the Hayville Kazoo smiled again, pushed his chair back, stood up, stretched his arms and then he got a biff in the left eye from the ham-like fist of the huge man that caused him to see more colors than are centained in the annual catalogue of a paint manufacturing concern And then the vast man pranced in and picked up the editor of the Hayville Kazoo and dusted the entire plant with him for a period of about eight minutes, after which he carried him up to the roof, soused him in the water tank to fetch him around to semi-consciousness and then he toyed with him for about eight minutes more, after which he carefully washed his hands at the sink, donned his long black frock coat and departed, leaving the editor of the Hayville Kazoo in a contused trance on top of a big pile of old exchanges.

That's the way it actually happened. It may not be set down in accordance with the code of the screech-teasers, but the writer can't help that. He doesn't frame up these occurrences, but when they occur it's his function to narrate them truthfully, laugh or no laugh, and at any sacrifice o time and money.

Wasted.

Written for The Evening Star. There's a mistletoe bough in the hall, my dea Seed pearls set in green; But you, dear, are gone, and I-I am here With miles and miles between. So the Christmas joys and signs of cheer

That are strewn thro' house and hall

Make April eyes-a smile, then a tear-

